VPon the life and death of the most worthy, and thrise renowmed knight, Sir PHILLIP SIDNEY:

A Commemoration of his worthines,
Contayning a briefe recapitulation, of his valiant vsage and death taken, in her Maiesties seruices of the warres in the Low-countries of Flaunders.

AT LONDON;
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¶ To the Right honorable, Sir *Frauncis Walsingham Knight*, principall Secretary to her Maiestie, *and of her highnes most honorable priuie Counsell.*

PLeaseth your honour: The reuerend account wherwith the curious regarders of whatsoeuer excelencie, haue entertaigned euermore the deserts and honoured examples, of suche as in their times haue approoued most worthy: hath mooued me (the most vnskilfull of a great manie, but not the least in wel-wishing) to adorne the funeralls of the most noble and worthye renowmed knight, Sir *Phillip Sidney*, with these slender meters. Whose yong yeares continued with all manner of expectation of such honor, as by due desert he long since acquired, hath made the remembraunce of his death, so much the more famous, by how much the more honorablie he hath put forwarde the same, in so laudable an action, as wherein consisteth his loue, seruice, and obedience, to *God*, his *Prince*, and his *Countrie*. The argument hereof, in zeal of his great Nobility, valour, & worthines (which vpon a sodain I haue penned, more answerable to

mine owne good intendment, then to the weight of his excellencies) I dedicate with all humility vnto your honour. Beſeeching, that according to the wonted nobilitie of your mind, it may pleaſe you to accept & accompt thereof, as proceeding from the ſimple ſtore of ſuche a one, who in al humble duty and reuerence, gladly would bind himſelf to do your honor anie ſeruice. And though the ſimplicity of the ſame is ſuch, as in no poynt maye chalenge vnto it ſelfe ſuch honourable liking, yet maye it pleaſe your honour to deem, that the affection of him that writ it, ſtoode in the higheſt degree of wel-doing, and gladly (if the continuance therof, had bene of more value) could haue ſubmitted the ſame to your fauorable cenſure. And that I maye not ſeeme ouer tedious in ſo briefe a diſcourſe, I humblie ſurceaſe herewith to detein your honour, praying the eternall director of all your actions, to haue the ſame euermore in his gracious protection.

Your H. moſt dutifully affected:

A. D.

Upon the life and death of Sir PHILLIP SIDNEY Knight.

WHat meanes this calme? why hang your bended browes?
what lad conceipt? whence sues this sodaine maze
Where are the drops? the sweet distilling dewes,
Of *Ida* fresh, whereon the *Nimphes* do gaze?
Where woons Thalia with her pleasant layes?
fine Erato in gladsome Ditties dresst,
And faire Caliop', statelier then the rest.

Where be the sisters of the destinyes?
where *Fate* her selfe? where fierce vncerteine *Chaunce*?
Where are the bedlem broode of *Casualties*,
that erst (in losse) their standard did aduaunce?
What is become of crooked dire *Mischaunce*?
All maz'd alike confuzed do ye rome?
Griefs griping t'one, and shame for t'others dome.

What thinge alas that causeth all this grife?
whereon did dare, that *Furie* to presume?
Was it on goods? or losse of priuate life?
Or fined course that *Nature* did resume?
Wherein proude *Fate* durst vaunt her highest plume,
No no alas, the hazard were but small:
To pinche at such as are at common call.

What was it then? what was? ye heauens do know,
It was the choice of all the powers deuine:
The influence self, where *Virtues* erst did flowe,
The very worke of all the *Muses* nine:

The care of earth and skies, in one selfe twine,
The rarest *Tipe* of courtly gentleues:
Adorned erst with stem of noblenes.

Muse you that heare this wailefull dittie song:
Muse you to see, distressed how men plaine:
Muse you to thinke what hie despite and wrong,
Bellona deemes is tendered to her traine:
In reauing thus her glories chiefest gaine:
Her worthy Impe, her stately noble knight,
Whereto it seem'd, that *Fate* had yet no right.

Then turne your eyes, and view his couered hearse,
In mournefull weedes, see how the *Nimphes* are clad:
Disheueled how the rockes, with cries they pearse,
how *Virtues* selfe, is for her Iuell sad.
How *Fortune* bannes, and *Impes* for grief are mad,
And iudge you then, how rightly men may say:
Their somme of Ioyes, the *Fates* haue reft away.

* A book by him penned, called the Countesses of Pembrooks Archadia.

* Archadia now, where is thy soueraigne guide,
who stately Penbrooke, erst did to thee knit,
Where be the notes, his skill did earst deuide,
In sondry meeters, wounde from finest wit.
Which he so well in couert shapes could fit.
where be the pipes, the deintiest shepheards sound:
That euer erst, within thy woods were found.

Sugred Sidney, Sidney sweete it was,
That to thy soile, did giue the greatest fame:
Whose honny dewes, that from his quil did passe,
with honny sweetes, aduaunst thy glorious name:
Who ere thee knewe, that knewe thy soyle, to blame:
Far was it from the skill if any one,
To wade in thee, so far as he hath gone.

And wilt thou *Phebus* therefore be so sad,
(For he is wrackt whom erst thou held'st so choice)
And from Pernassus shall no *Nimphe* be had,
That list in laude of him to straine her voice?
And you so queld as nere you may reioice?
Then *Sacred Fame*, do somewhat for thy knight:
To win thy loue that shed his bloud in fight.

O see you not the *Destinies* selfe, with blame,
Of lofty skies, for such a rash pretence:
(To shred his life) already blush with shame,
And hide their heads for doing such offence.
As from the world to reaue such excellence,
And were it not (as erst ordeind before:
The heauens him hent) their heads should rue therefore.

But mighty Powers, that swaye on earthly chaunge,
Haue knowlegde him vnfit for earthly moulde:
Whence thus bereft vntimely hence to raunge,
By ouer hasty hand of Parcas bould,
They haue (for this) permitted vncontrould.
They shroude their facts, in shewe of all the traine,
Of worthy wights that yet on earth remaine:

Can *Chaunce*, or *Hap*, or *Fate*, or what you list,
Be then of him (thus sayd) to worke their spight?
Can triumphes ought (to her that riu'd his twist)
Ensue hereof, to quenche your sweet delight?
Or may be deem'd to preiudice his right?
who matcht with vertues many mo then one:
Cannot lie dead though life be fled and gone.

Iniurious death, yet needes I must appeale,
Cruell to vs, to him a cause of blis:
Wrong to our loue, wrong to the hidden zeale,
That in each minde by vertue planted is.

Vpon the life and death

Most hainous wrong performed death in this:
To reaue the world the loue, the choice of men
Of such a rare and far surpassing gem.

Be pleased yet yee sacred sisters here,
On Sidneis Tombe your learned tunes to sing:
Of *Lawrell* fresh a wreath, set on his beere,
And let his praise within your ditties ring.
Let *Fame* resound, and whence your woes did spring,
Cease not eu'n there, whilest vital aire may stand,
To fill with laude of him the farthest land.

And for my selfe (the least of others all,
That fauoured most, that lou'd, that honored eke:
And did with zeale admire what did befall,
To him by guift, of very natures beke.
In whom the *Virtues* all were not to seeke)
Haue vndertooke some matters to recount:
Wherein this knight, did once in life surmount.

Be ayding to my skilleſſe fainting pen,
That hardly dare presume of such a one:
To speake or write, whose paine from other men,
So farre did stretche, and who to you alone,
(For rare perfection in his skill that shone)
Was charye held, was knowne by knowledge farre,
With sweetest sound each others tunes to barre.

And (so you list vouch'safe your good aspectes,)
I purpos'd haue, by fauour of your traine:
Somewhat in brief, both of the large effects,
That life him gaue, and death in greatest paine:
Him made a Jem midst others to remaine,
To vtter forth, That all the world may know:
The precious spoile, where vertues such did growe.

With

With what one Vertue shall I then begin.
Where so great haunt of mightiest forces wrought.
What shall I praise that was not likt in him:
whom *Natures* selfe first for a patterne sought:
And him indued with all that might be thought.
That by perfection of so sweete a ground,
The some of all the rest might more abound.

What was it wit, or golden wisedomes lore,
Might deck his yeeres, and make him glorions shine?
He did surpasse. His like in few before
was euer knowne, so quicke, so neate, and fine,
So full of weight, with hnmours so diuine:
were all his wordes, his workes, and actions fraught,
As seem'd from skies a secret power has raught.

If honoured seat it were that might him decke,
His birth was great, but virtues more exceld.
His hie discent remaind at *Fortunes* checke,
But honoured minde a greater force could weld,
whereon he sought with statelie reach to build.
That as he was by parents noblie borne,
His *vertues* might his outward shape adorne.

But if that valour may his deedes commend,
Thou mightie *Manors* knowest he was a Knight
And Knightlie could himselfe in armes defend:
Midst preasle of Foes yclad in Armour bright,
Whereof to thinke my spirites are daunted quite.
This one occasion t'was that bred the scathe,
Which (*Pallas* mou'd) with teares her Knight to bathe.

O would his prowesse at that instant howre,
Had not him preast so forward in the throng:
And *Hector* like (of Chiualrie the flowre)
He had not done his dearest foyle such wrong.

As to bereaue it of a force so strong,
who for his Princes cause and common good,
In dreadfull fight consum'd his dearest blood.

Which with what hart and zeale he offered then,
with what vndaunted reckelesse force of ill:
His stoutest foes approu'd, and eke his men
whose ventured liues with him their blood did spill,
Haue witnest erst, and yet can witnesse still.
So manlie were his acts at all assaies,
And in his death so mightie was his praise.

At *Zutphen* (thus the place deliuered was,)
In *Gelderland* encountring with his foe:
And of *September* ere the Monthy did passe,
Full xvii. daies, so long it was agoe:
With Horse and Launce, the number I not knoe.
A valiant charge he set vpon the traine,
By force whereof his Foes were preest amaine.

And whilst in prease of mightiest Troupes he stood,
This worthie Knight Sir Phillip Sidney bold,
His Horse betrampled all in goarie blood:
At length was slaine, and vnder him lost hold,
Whereby on foote reculing vncontrould.
Hee Horst againe renued a second charge,
And with fresh fight the skarmouch did inlarge.

There long he fought whilst manie a man was slaine,
And making way, mongst thickest prease he goes:
And reckles here and there he kils a maine:
whilst deepe intrenched lay his secret Foes,
From out whereof a Musket shot arose.
And leuelling iust against the worthie knight,
Vp to the thigh the Bullet turned quight.

Yet fought he still, and ceast not all for this,
Till he with honour could himselfe retyre:
This skarmouch done, his wound perceiued is,
By search whereof it mortall did appeare:
what vaileth drops to [illegible] the flaming fire.
The fretting poyson [illegible] ward sore,
So pearst his heart, as die he must therefore.

This Noble Knight not careless of his state,
Ne yet vnwitting of the brittle stay:
wherein we liue, and how by certaine fate,
Eche thing hath fine, and once must needes decay.
And as we rise, so must we fall away,
Not vnexpected gladlie fram'd his breath,
To climbe the skies and pay his due to death.

And first (as nere before in all the course,
And common passage of this bloodie warre:
Hee did forget to feede on sweete remorse,
which humble soules expect from God a farr)
He sought to free his conscience cleane from iarr,
And as his vsage was in health before:
with feruent zeale his sinnes he did deplore.

And firing faith, firme hope, and speciall trust
In him, on whom our aide dependes alone:
He gladly mindes his corpes to be [illegible] dust,
Contemnes the world, and sighing [illegible] the throne,
Of him whose mercie saues eche faithfull one.
In lateſt pang he could receiue of death,
He cald on God, and so gaue vp his breath.

Not vnremembred here I may let passe,
How in his death in deepest panges he had:
He not forgot that in his life he was
A faithfull friend of good, and to the bad

An earnest foe, by deepe discretion lad,
By skilfull sawes his brother there he told:
A perfect path his honor to vphold.

What sage aduise, what [illegible]lesome speache,
[illegible]t councels such, as a[illegible] scarce welde:
[illegible] deepe instincts of hig[illegible] and lofty reache,
He tyen bequeth'd to him, and in the fielde.
How he him taught to stay on honors sheeld,
To minde his cause, his country, charge of men,
And thinke on God that would him prosper then.

Howe to his Souldiers he in life was found,
A carefull Chiefetaine and a christian guide:
How oft his bountie did to them abound,
To salue such wants as they might not prouide.
From whose relief he neuer yet could slide,
But what distresse or wracke so euer came:
His purse and aide was prest to helpe the same.

Can they but mourn, that then such one do mis,
Can we but waile, so few like him that finde.
Can Sidneis name whose soule doth liue in blisse,
Obscured lie. Whose bountie so did binde,
The heartes of all, to whome he was so kinde.
May *Fame* gainsaies (who rightly guerdons all)
That ere his deedes from minde of man should fall.

FINIS.